## GEN, BOOTH'S PLAN.

The Rev. George Hodges Finds an Abundance of Good in His Book. In Darkest England.

A WORK NO ONE ELSE IS DOING

Has Been Taken Up With Great Success by the Salvation Army and Its Energetic Leader.

GREAT PROMISE IN THE NEW STEP.

A Dinner, a Bed and a Prayer Mosting Applied to the Be demption of the World.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) "Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thankegiving to God."

After this fashion the preacher exhorted the Thanksgiving Day congregation: We ought not to be content with being thankful. We ought to try to make somebody else thankful. In the ideal life there is a constant balance kept between blessing and bounty.

That is what St. Paul said long ago to the Corinthians. The words are just as true in English as they were in Greek. God had given the Corinthians sufficiency in all things, and they were accordingly bound. St. Paul said, to be diligent in every good work, "being enriched in everything to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God." The result of the possession of riches ought to be the generous spirit of bountifulness, and the result of one man's bountifulness is another man's thanksgiving. You are thankful. Very well; make some neighbor of yours thankful.

Nobody has any business to keep Thanksgiving Day all alone. Thanksgiving Day may be perverted into an annual festival of selfishness. You may sit down in your easy chair, and stretch out your feet toward the glow of your comfortable fire, and look about at the pleasant pictures on your walls, and at the delightful and inviting company of your books, and into the beloved faces of your family, and be projoundly thankful. And that, so far as it goes, is right. You ought to be thankful.

OTHERS IN THE WORLD. But you have no right to draw the curtains of your windows, and thrust bars across your doors, and lorget the thousands and hundreds of thousands who are keeping fast day, who have no fire, and no dinner, and no home, and no hope. You must remember them. You know that it is quite possible to be viciously thankful. There is a thanksgiving which ministers to pride and self-complacence and unbrotherliness. You remember how one man, at church and in his prayers, began his sacrifice or thanksgiving after this inshion: "God, I thank Thee, he said, "that I am not as other men are." straight about, reversed it, made a contradic a bit of regret about it-of regret that all men are not as we are, enjoying the same blessings, graced and uplifted by the same

We are apt to think that when everything is right with us, everything is right with the whole world. We are sound in body, and everybody clse's sickness is a sort of deluor at least a state of things which we can but dimly understand. We live our pleasant lives, with a roof over our heads, and a dinner every day-and a particularly good one on Thanksgiving Day-with clean clothes to wear, and steady work to do, and men. A few are poor, others are in juil; into tin soldiers, and paper to be made good but for the most part human beings are paper again. Here would be waste wealth fairly comfortable. If they are not, some thing is the matter with their morals. The world is on the whole a pretty decent, com-And then we read a bit of poetry like this:

With gates of silver and bars of gold. ve fenced my sheep from my Father's fold; I have heard the dropping of their tears In heaven, these eighteen hundred years

O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt, We build but as our lathers built; Behold Thine in: —, how they stand, Sovereign and so \_, through all our land.

Then Christ sought out an artisan, A low-browed, stunted, haggard man, And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them. And as they drew back their garment-hem. For fear of defilement, "lo, here," said He, "The images ye have made of Me!" GENERAL BOOTH'S PICTURES.

We read that, and it goes straight to our hearts. We know that that is true. And then we take up such a book as "In Darkest England," filled paragraph upon paragraph, and page after page, with the story of the life, for which there is no adjective in human speech—the life for which hundreds of thousands of our brothers and our sisters are living at this very hour. And we are oppressed with consternation. We are saddened beyond utterance. It well that we should be. And we well that we should be. Oh to something. befriend these friendless, to seek and to save these lost, to uplift these fallen, to feed these armies of hunger, to bring a little of the light of heaven into this blackness of heli! And we remember, perhaps, that just that was the work which Christ did. I suppose that we think we are following Christ when we try to assist the deserving poor. And work that will enable him to keep be we are following Him a very little way. But soul together, and hunting in vain. was that precisely what He came to do? he is in his nungry raggedness, asking for Those publicaus and sinners with whom He work that he may live and not die or sheer spent His days—do you imagine that they were the deserving publicans and sinners? He came to seek and save the lost, He said. The lost I the poor in whom the Lord Christ

was particularly interested were the unde-And when we sit down upon our feast of national gratitude, to reckon up what this nation is doing for the undeserving poor, what is the sum of it? We offer the undeserving poor the workhouse, the reform school, the jail and the penitentiary.

A little child is born in a city slum. "Not so much born as damned into the world." His parents are drunken and un-clean reprobates. He is cradled in dirt, and gets his teaching in the street. Decency, honesty, reverence are absolutely unknown wirtues. He is born a criminal as in the damp and pathless Congo forests children are born savages. He has no chance. You and I, put in his place, seeing from childhood what he sees, breathing the poisoned air he breathes, would be what he is,

AND HE HAS TO SUFFER. When we get our hands upon this rascal we puoush him for being a ruscal. That is the best we know. We are not hard-bearted people. We do not hate these children of the slums, these undeserving poor, whom our Master came to seek and save. But we simply do not know anything better to do. Lock them up when they do anything very bad. Kill them by electricity or otherwise when they do anything intolerably bad.

What else can we do? Neither were the old physicians cruel nor hard hearted who went about among their patients with a sharp lancet in one hand and a stout dose of calomel in the other. They simply did not know any better.

But here is a man who has a plan. Who is he? He is St. Francis of Assisi dwelling in London. He is John Wesley slive in the nineteenth century. He is the General of the Salvation Army. Twenty-five years ago this man and his wife stood alone on Mile End Green, in East London, and delivered a message which they had from God. octween the method which seeks to regener trations. The expression assumed for the Zo-dny he is at the head of an organizate the man by ameliorating his circum-sitting is really benign.

tion compared with which the religious or- stances and that which ameliorates his cirders of the Middle Ages were small and contracted. The Salvation Army is to-day at work in 34 countries, having more than 9,000 regular officers, who give their whole time to its service, and 13,000 non-commis-sioned officers, whose work is voluntary. Every year this religious order, made up entirely of the poor, raise \$3,500,-000 for the cause of Christ. Every year it holds 160,000 open-air meetings in England alone. It has 30 training garrisons making cadels ready for leadership. It has 30 rescue homes. At its three food depots in the city of London 20,000 meals are provided every day. There is a complaint in some Christian communions that but few offer themselves for the work of the ministry. Last year 3,000 men offered themselves for service in the Salvation Army.

HOW TO REACH THE MASSES. There is a standing problem confronting every church in Christendom, which none of us seem able to solve. It is the question: How to reach the masses? But General Booth can answer that question. This new religious order is the only division of the church militant which touches the "unde-serving" poor. "Wherever the Army serving" poor. "Wherever the Army goes," says its leader, "it gathers into its meetings, in the first instance, a crowd of the most debased, brutal, blasphemous elements that can be found, who, if permitted, interrupt the services, and if they see slightest sign of police tolerance for their misconduct, frequently fall upon the army officers and their property with violence. Yet a couple of officers face such an audi-ence with the absolute certainty of recruiting out of it army corps. Many thousands of those who are now most prominent in the ranks of the army never knew what it was to pray before they attended its services; and large numbers of them had settled into a projound conviction that everything connected with religion was utterly false. It is out of such material that God has constructed what is admitted to be one of the most fervid bodies of believers ever seen on

the face of the earth." Now, when a man like this has a plan for the uplifting of the poor it is worth while

What is the plan? It is written in that book which bears the significant title, "In Darkest England." It is centered about Darkest England. It is centered about three of the great necessities of decent living, a supper, a bed and a prayer meeting. It proposes to supply the homeless poor, the men and women who walk the London streets in a vain search for work, and who sleep at night under the damp London sky -it offers to give them food, at a price level with all but the emptiest pockets. For the absolutely penniless it provides a chance to earn a supper by useful labor, not the convict labor which England to-day offers the man who seeks a stay for his hunger at the casual ward, stone-breaking and oakumpicking, but

DECENT, SELF-RESPECTING WORK, which will help the man who does it and other men, too. And after supper a clean, comfortable bed. And between supper and bed, a warm, well-lighted room, with something to read, and for an hour a good, rousing Salvation Army meeting, with the singing of hymns and the offering of prayer, and the preaching of the message of Him who came to save the lost; trying to touch men's hearts, trying to minister to the strengthening of men's wills, trying to convert and reform men, and, if nothing more, dealing with them personally, putting the arm of honest brotherly love about them, making them know that they have friends, Why, there's no end to the good that might

be done just here.

And, then, suppose that in addition to That turned the virtue of thanksgiving this there is an endeavor to make use of some of the good things which daily go to waste tion of it. Genuine thanksgiving has always | in a great city. Suppose that all the richer districts, and every house provided with a tub and a bag—the tub for waste food, the bag for waste everything else, books, papers, tin cans, empty bottles, broken toys, old clothes and old shoes; and men sent on reguwould be as wonderful as the miracl of the loaves and fishes! Here would be food for the homeless and starving; here would be work for hundreds as collectors; here would be employment for wasted good friends. And we have an idea that and made wearable, and old clothes to be that sort of life is pretty common among made over new, and tin cans to be turned and waste labor brought together. vast employment bureau, and a good advice office, and a poor man's lawyer, and a poor man's bank, and a thousand other uplifting agencies which are outlined in this book.

BOOTH'S COUNTRY COLONY.

And then suppose that there is a great estate out in the country, and men and women set to tilling the ground and making waste land blossom as the rose. And other great estates out in the colonies, where men and women who destre to go as emigrants may be settled, having beforehand some preparation for a settler's life, and being surrounded when they get there with upifting influences!

This is the heart of the plan by which the Salvation Army hopes to help the poor. "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." That is what it is after. The utilization of waste is the principle on which it acts. Is there anything the matter with the principle? "The refuse which was a drug and a curse to our manufacturers says General Booth, "when treated under the lumis of the chemist, has been the means of supplying us with dyes rivaling in love liness and variety the hues of the rainbow. If the alchemy of science can extract beautiful colors from coal tar, cannot Divine alchemy enable us to evolve gladuess and brightness out of the agonized hearts and dark, dreary, loveless lives out of these doomed myriads?"

One of the good things about this plan is that it is immediately practicable. It waits tor no social revolution, and tarries for no industrial millennium. It begins to-day.

"This is the question," says "Here is John Jones, a stout, stalwart laborer in rags, who has not had one square meal for a month, who has been hunting for work that will enable him to keep body and starvation in the midst of the wealthiest city

A QUESTION OF THE NOW.

"What is to be done with John Jones" The individualist tells me that the free play of the natural laws governing the struggle for existence will result in the survival of the fittest, and that in the course of a few ages, more or less, a much nobler type will be evolved. But, meanwhile, what is to be done with John Jones? The Socialist tells of St. Louis, to E me that the great social revolution is looming large on the horizon. In the good time coming, when wealth will be redistributed and private property abolished, all stomachs will be filled and there will be no more John Joneses impatiently clamoring for opportunity to work that they may not die. It may be so, but in the meantime here is John Jones growing more impatient than ever because hungrier, who wonders if he is to wait for a dinner till the social revolution has arrived. That is the question. \* \* When the sky falls we shall cutch larks. But in the meantime Another good thing about this plan is that a great deal which it proposes has been tried and found effectual. With the means which it can command, and according to the measure of its strength, the Salvation Army has now for some years past been doing civilizing and Christianizing work in

"darkest England" along these very lines It has been tried. It can be done. The best thing of all about the plan is that it begins with God, and is all the way carried through, relying upon God, following the will of God, and for the glory of God. These will never be genuinely uplifted, the originator of this plan maintains, by giving them work or dinners or even university education

IT MUST BE THOROUGH. "These things are all outside a man and if the inside remains unchanged you have wasted your labor. \* The difference

cumstances in order to get at the regenera-tion of his heart is the difference between the method of the gardener who grafts a ribstone pippin on a crabapple tree and one who merely ties apples with strings upon the branches of the crab. To change the nature of the individual, to get at the heart, to save his soul is the only real, lasting method of

doing him any good."
That is as true as truth. God bless prosper this great undertak-God help us out of our nineing. teenth century barbarism into some real beginnings of Christian civilization. Thank God to-day that at last a way is open, a door of hope is set ajar, where some of the crying wrongs of the world may be set right, and the bountiful riches of this generation may become a blessing to all who eration may become a blessing to all who live in it, and Thanksgiving Day be a universal reality with nobody left out of it, with 365 Thanksgiving Days in every year.

George Hodges.

## ARCHDEACON FARRAR

Declares for General Booth's Plan in Unqualified Terms-The Evil Exists and the Church of England Cannot Cure it-The

Objections Raised to it. Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, writing upon General Booth's book, "In Darkest England," commits himself unqualifiedly to the plan therein set forth. It seems to him that it will be little short of a national calamity to England if the means are not forthcoming to render it possible for the great experiment at least to be tried upon an adequate scale.

He takes for granted two great facts, first that a great amount of squalor, vice, crime, destitution and misery exists in England, and second that the church, while meaning well, has failed to reach the class that needs its care. The church has made no concentrated, no coherent endeavor to plunge down to the very depths of the turbid ocean and rescue the perishing, to dig down to the very roots of the social distress and stub them up. The main objections taised are, first, that this scheme will injure the work of the Church of England; second, that it will withdraw money from other agencies that are now doing good; third, that it will in-crease the number of tramps and worthless paupers, and lastly that the scheme originates with the Salvation Army.

Archdeacon Farrar believes that the

work will strengthen the Church of England; that the success of this scheme will rather stimulate philanthropy in other directions, because it will show what good. well directed charity will accomplish; that it will not increase tramps, because the foundation principles of the whole scheme are work and discipline, not alms, and, finally, that it does not matter from what source the reform comes, so it is reform. While he cannot sully commend some of the methods of the Salvation Army, he declares it has saved many souls and done much good. He can tolerate drums and tambourines if they will lead the way out of "Darkest Eng-

## A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

How Travers Worked His Friend Dashaway for a Small Loan.

Clothler and Furnisher. 1 Travers-I want to ask you a question. Suppose that five years from now I should be walking the street clothed literally in rags, wearing a battered old hat, and shoesfull of holes. Would you think enough of me then to take me by the hand, buy me a new outfit, give me a bath, put \$5 in my hand and send me away with your blessing? Dashaway-Why, of course I would.

How absuru! Travers-Then bring the scene a little nearer. Suppose that in four years from now you should meet me as I have described myself, with this exception: That I had on a good hat. Would you still do the square thing?

Dashaway-Why, certainly. What-Travers—Make it still nearer. Call it three years, and say I didn't need a bath. Throw off the blessing and make it two Dashaway (facetiously)-Make it a year with a good pair of shoes, ch? Substitute a new suit and (a great light dawning on new suit him) o-h!

Travers-And if you are a man of your word you let me have that \$5.

EDMUNDS AS A LAWYER An Opinion That Saved One of His Clients a Big Pile of Money.

WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1 Speaking of Senatorial lawyers, there is no man in public life who would make a more able Supreme Court Justice than Senator George F. Edmunds. He is well-to-do. it is said, has a fine home in Washington, and he would be a very strong man on the bench. His advice is often asked as to Supreme Court questions and he gets as high as \$5,000 for a single opinion. There was a railroad case in which his opinion saved \$150,000 for his clients,

The case had been tried by the ablest lawyers in the United States. It was appealed to the Supreme Court and ten days before the decision was to be rendered Jay Gould, who was a defendant, offered a compromise for \$350,000 instead of risking a decision against him for the amount claimed, which was \$500,000. The parties who brought the suit hesitated. Three hundred and fifty usand dollars was better than nothing, and the Supreme Court might give them nothing. They finally concluded to get Edmunds' opinion on the case and to follow his advice. They presented it to him. He advised them not to accept the compromise and the result was that ten days later they got a judgment for their full half million.

A Fit Subject. Clothier and Furnisher.]

The Mesmerist-Will someone who is acquainted here kindly select a good subject and ask him to step up?

Voice from the audience-You don't want man of strong will power, do you? Mesmerist-No, sir. Just the opposite. Voice-Here he is; the only man in the crowd who allows his wife to select his neck-

FAMOUS TIPPOO TIB.

Picture From a Photograph Taken by the Stanley Expedition.

During a recent visit of Mr. A. S. Aloe of St. Louis, to Europe, he obtained by special permission of the King of Belgium from the Belgium African Society a number of large prints from the original photographs by the Stanley expedition. One of them is of Tippoo Tib, the guiding spirit of



the Arabs west of Tanganika Lake, who was made Governor of Stanley Falls sta-tion. The picture of the famous native king differs from any heretofore given of him He is shown seated in an arm chair outside of his tent at Stanley Falls. His garb is a single white cotton cloth garment, below which his bare feet are in strong con trest. The camera reflects his face as a m better looking and more intelligent one than it has appeared in the previous illus-

## THE PORT OF PERU.

An Ancient Town Still Dizzy Over the Earthquake of 1746. bauch, in a vain endeavor to 'toe the line

of the street."

SEA-LIONS SPORT IN THE HARBOR.

A Freak of Atmosphere That Gives Every-

thing a Coat of Paint. BOTH CALLAO AND LINA ARE DIRTY

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH LIMA, PERU, Nov. 3 .- How different is the world-renowned scaport of Callon from anything our imagination had picturedhow disappointing in one sense because now showing no traces of its fitteenth century youth, nor the glamour with which history and tradition have surrounded it. On the contrary, it is the most cosmopolitan, common-place and matter-of-fact sort of city we have yet found in South America; a place where English is spoken almost as much as Spanish, and where people of all nationalities have crowded the easy-going natives to the wall, so far as business is concerned.

Even the correct pronunciation of its name is a surprise to us, for whereas we are are taught in school to say Cal-lay-o, it should be rendered as if spelled Col-yow, with the accent strong on the last syllable. Though the harbor is nothing to boast o', and on our storm-swept northern coast would be dignified by no such name, it is one of the best on this side of the southern continent, being sheltered from prevailing winds which blow from the south and southwest by the high, bare island of San Lorenso and a projecting tongue of land. But the approach to it, as seen through the veil of mist that always overhangs both sea and shore in the early morning, is certainly fine.

SEEN THROUGH A FOG. We arrive about 8 A. M. and drop anchor a mile from the beach, in a fog which the sailors say is "thick enough to cut with a knife," and is attributable to the condensation of tropical moisture by the cold currents of air sweeping northward from Ant-arctic regions. Looming out of the mist, in dim outlines and exaggerated proportions is a spectral forest of masts and spars be longing to sailing vessels from all seas, steamers, storeships, coke hulks and other phantom craft, while to the right San Lo-renzo lifts to the skies a lighthouse that is said to be more ornamental than useful, and directly in front rise the cheese-shaped turrets that top the famous old castle of San Felipe, above whose yellow walls and massive battlements the Spanish flag waved for

the last time on this continent.

To the left, "as through a glass darkly," we see a low shore covered with yellowish verdure, and trees pale-green for lack of rain, rising gradually to the foothills of the Andes. The brown heights seem to stand in close ranks, one behind another, each tier mounting higher; still beyond them all and behind a stratum of motionless cloud, we taintly discern the snowy Cordillera, blending with the blue of the sky. At the base of those brown hills, only six miles inland, lies the ultima thule of our dreams-Lima, the "City of Kings," which Pizarro founded just 335 years ago.

SEA LIONS IN THE HARBOR.

Hardly has the anchor gone overboard pelore a communicative mate directs our attention to some sea lions that are bobbins bout among the shipping. He tells us that it is great tun to watch them and observe how they mock humanity in their flirtations and lealousies, their love making and final settling down to family life. Listen a moment at any time of day and you may hear their unmusical voices, half barking, half howling. Abounding all up and down this coast they have refused to be entirely driven away, even from this busy harbor, and have grown almost tame.

There are no end of the tales one may

listen to concerning the freaks of the "Cal-loa painter," as a mysterious local phenomenon is called—an aggravating artist, who works with invisible brushes and confines his operations solely to this harbor, never going inland or out to sea, nor more than a few miles North and South. All sea-goers know with what care the sailors are required to scrub and clean every par every inch of it, outside and in, is spotless and shining as soapsuds, elbow-grease and "holy-stone" can make it. After all this labor, imagine the disgust of the tired seamen when, perhaps the very next morning after anchoring in Callao bay, they awake to find the ship coated all over from stem to stern with a greasy, sticky, chocolate-col ored film which penetrates every crack and seam, and even forces its way through the battened hatchways! The Callao painter has been at work.

THE CALLAO PAINTER.

He always comes in the night without the slightest premonition, and fills the air with a repulsive odor. If the slime is while yet damp, with plenty of soap and a stiff brush, its stains may be removed; but if allowed to dry on, nothing but scraping will budge it; and the cheapest and easiest way will be to put a coat or two of paint over it. Of course there are many theories regarding this strange frost which no sun can melt. Some say that it is a kind of grease lorced up into the atmosphere of this particular spot by vapors beneath the sea; while others attribute it to a species of volcanic dust driven through the water by subterranean forces. Only on one point are all agreed; that the sticky, stinking film which is found nowhere else on earth, has given just cause for more profanity than all the storms that ever blew into Callao har-

That the region is peculiarly volcanic, in common with all the western slopes of the Ander, is proved by the numerous upheavals that have occurred here. The worst of these on record, and one of the most terrible calamities that ever overtook any city, was the great terrimote of October 28, 1746, which swept the old port of Callac which occupied the projecting point of land to the left, with all its inhabitants, excepting one man, into the sea. It was on warm but perfectly calm evening, about 10:30 o'clock, when a tremeudous shock of earthquake shook both Lima and Callao, doing a great deal of damage in the former city, and in five minutes reducing the latter

LIKE THE JOHNSTOWN PLOOD. Then a huge wave came rolling into the devoted port, enguling everything and everybody; and 5,000 people perished in the everyout, and the waters, which a few minutes before had been calm as a mill-pond, suddenly receded to a great distance, and then rolled back with such tremendous force as to sweep not only the town and its fortifications and inhabitants out of existence, but a score of ships at anchor in the harbor were destroyed. Several others were borne far inland on the breast of the wave, which, instantly receding, let them stranded high and dry. One of these was the Spanish man-of-war "St. Fermin;" and the spot where it was stranded, between the present Callao and Buena Vista, is marked by a small monument.

Naturally, it took a long time for the citizens of Lima to recover from their punic; and then they chose what was believed to be a better locality for their sen-gate (where stands the modern Callao), and defended it by a castle is the form of a pentagon, with two round towers and a "curtain" on the ocean face. Though carefully built to resist human invasion, and mounted with-cannon, it would be but a plaything for the canon, it would be but a projecting for the invisible but all-potent forces of earth, air and sea; and the people tremble in their boots whenever a terrimote gives them never so slight a shaking. Again in 1825 Callso had a narrow escape from total destruction; and many lesser shocks have done more or less deares.

less damage. HOUSES ON A DRUNK. If Callao looks tumble-down and shabby when viewed through a veil of mist at a mile's distance, how much more disappointing is a closer inspection in the full glare

of the sun! Somebody has well described it as "built generally of canes, plastered over with mud and painted a dirty yellow, its flimsy houses stand askew, with scarcely a perpendicular or horizontal line among them, and look as if they were trying to straighten themselves up after a grand destraighten themselves up a grand destraighten themselves up a grand dest

We are astonished to see great piles of grain and other merchandise lying uncovered in the open air—until we remember that it never rains here, and there is no more moisture to be feared than that from the fogs. Here are heaps of wheat from Chili, waiting to be carried to the mills on the Rimae—the river from which Lima took its name; there are blocks of salt, white and rose-colored, resembling onvx, brought from the salt quarries near Huacho; gigantic piscos or red clay fars, shaped like the Roman amphorae and filled with "italia" from the vailey of Pisco; bales of chincona back from forests in the far interior; pyramids of chancaca leaves, the coarse, unrefined sugar of the country, wrapped in dried banana leaves, through which sticky sweet-ness cozes, to the delectation of swarms of flies and nearly naked children; and other products del pias mixed confuse lamiliar-looking bags, hales and boxes from the United States and Europe.

DISTY AND DECAYED. Callao has a population of about 30,000. but its glory as a great commercial shipping center has departed. The heat is intense, vile smells assail one's olfactories at every east coast. Three-fourths of these are taken off the Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, Orkney and Shet-land shores; and of the fishermen and turn; and as there is no drainage except such as nature provides in the natural slope of the soil to seaward, and smart showers never imperial domain of the herring, fully twofall to wash things clean, the place is proverbially unhealthy. The poverty of Peru since the war, and the consequent depression of her trade, as well as the enormous thirds come here every summer season from the fisher-crotter hamlets of the Scottish west coast, from all the contiguous coastwise islands north of the Mull of Cantyre, from Syke, from Harris and from Lewis, from North and South Uist, and from all the little ocean-girdled specks fringing the tariffs imposed by the Government, and the exorbitant port duties charged, have conspired to drive commerce away from Callao, to the corresponding benefit of Valparaiso, the port of Chili.

A few years ago when the Peruvian Government was in dire need of funds, and will-ing to sell anything it could lay hands on for enough cash down to keep things going, it practically sold this harbor of Callao to a French company, which leased its docks and anchorage for a term of years, for the sum of \$200,000 per annum. The money has been a god-send to Peru, but almost death to Callao, for the company has a right to tax shipping to any extent, and has established a system of rates and rules which no seamen who can help themselves will submit to.

THE CITY OF KINGS. As before mentioned, the distance between Callao and Lima is six miles, but as the latter lies 512 feet above sea level, the short journey occupies more than half an hour. So slow is the ascent that the traveler has ample opportunity to view the country, which is mainly a parched waste, divided into squares by mud walls with here and there a flat-rooted casa or a field of bright green alfalfa; but wherever water is regularly turned on it blossoms like the rose. The courses of the azequias, or irrigating ditches, are marked by long lines of wild canes, vines, flowers and willow trees. There are acres of gorgeous nasturtions, orange, gold-en and ruby-red, rioting everywhere in unrivaled luxuriance, covering ruins, curtaining verandas and lining the banks of the water courses.

Scattered all over the sloping plain are mounds of adobe bricks, mostly regular in shape and some of immense size. These are the ruined huacos of the ancient inhabitants, of whom we shall have something to say by and by. They have supplied vast numbers of excellent sun-dried bricks, ready-made, for the construction of the modern city and adjacent villages, but it is doubtful if those who used them have ever bestowed a thought upon the dead Indians whose careful workmanship has saved their equerors so much labor.

Nearer to the capital the great gos works are reached, and passing through the old city wall, a portion of which has been demolished right here, we enter Lima by the street of San Jacinto. This is one of the shabbiest, dirtiest and least attractive of its avenues, but we do not know that until later on, and are conscious of no little disappoint-ment in the midst of our excitement consequent to attaining our hearts' desire in a what to "The City of the Kings." The noisy train whisks us into a castle-like structure half fort, half church, which used to be the monastery of San Juan de Dios, but now used for a railway station; and here we will bid you goodby for to-day.

FANNIE B. WARD. JAMISON LOVES COACHING.

nething About the Head of the Philadel. phia Banking Firm.

New York World.] Ever since he ceased to be a member of the New York Stock Exchange, B. K. Jamison, the elderly Philadelphian whose failure was recently announced, has been a figure of some picturesque interest, not only in New York but in National affairs as well. His flowing sandy whiskers and his rich Scotch brogue, his tally-ho and his long coaching tours, not only with Blaine and other well-known people here and abroad, but with parties of choice and thirsty spirits, whose arrival always gave the rural bartender a sort of nervous chill, have served to make Jamison a personage of

And it was generally understood that the "Rambler's" long trips in Pennsylvania at least were shrewdly calculated to have an advertising value, since the country bank in any town visited by Mr. Jamison's coach was sooner or later expected to make Jamison's banking-house its Philadelphia depository. Since the young, old and middle-aged "Rockets" were tooled through the environs of Parce last summer, Carnegie and Jamison have been the most eminent coaching figures in the public eye.

· As Silent as Hayes, New York Press.]

Senator Dou Cameron was in New York Friday. He is as silent and reticent as ever in the presence of newspaper men. I doubt the best interviewer in the world, even if his close triend, could extract a half column interview from him. His purpose in not talking is a settled policy. He prefers to be known as a silent, rather than a talkative man-as a worker, rather than as an agi-

A Warning to Women.

New York Herald.]

Snort Sighted Sportsman-Wonderfully ame bird, this. I shan't miss him.



not compelled to purchase city manufacture patmeal for food and seed outs for each year's

SCOTS OF THE WEST.

Wakeman's Description of the Lives

of the Fisher-Crofters.

IT'S INDEED A DISMAL PICTURE.

Their Homes but Little Better Than the

Teepes of the Siour.

HOW CUPID SHOOTS THE LASSIES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

BURRAVOE, SHETLAND, Nov. 10 .- Hav-

ng shown in my preceding article the ex-

traordinary importance to Scotland of her

herring fisheries, an industry now annually

providing for the world's food supply over

1.100,000 barrels of cured herrings, some

account of the every-day life of the 60,000

their lives to this one vocation, will be of

Five-sixths of all the herrings taken are

"curers' crews" requisite for labor in this

outer Hebrides. After these men and women return to their western homes, in

September, the crops of their little crotts are to be gathered. These comprise oats, a bit of sickly grass for the hay of the

"beasties" in winter, potatoes and the uni-versal Scotch "kail" or cabbage.

HOW THEY SPEND THE WINTER.

Then the women take to their knitting

ring-fishing in the sea-lochs near their

ties of wind and weather. In these boats all

the fire they can have for cooking and warmth is carried and kept in huge iron

pots; and in sleeping they tumble down any-where in their sea-clothing and oil-skins and cover themselves with rags or sails. If likely to remain for a time on the lochs,

they build sod huts alongshore, thatching

them with "bracken," a coarse fern also used in thatching their homes. If there be no fishing, the natives have little or nothing to do from the "harvest" until March and April, when the cutting of

scaweed for manure begins, and later, when the annual cutting of peat for fuel is done.

Among these primitive people the "rights" of women to at least labor were long since

beyond gainsaying. I have seen the hus-band lift a half-barrel (70 pounds) upon his wife's back and calmly walk home beside

her. In peat-cutting time, when the day's work is done, the husband will throw the crooked wooden spade over his shoulder,

and the wife, gathering her skirts into an

ample sack, will carry sometimes for miles to the croft a weight of peat for immediate use under which a Highland sheltic would

stagger. And my friend, David M. Rosie, a

Fishery Board officer to whom I am indebted

for much exact information, tells me of an

incident of sea-weed cutting where a crof

ter's wife, with a rope tied about her waset,

was lowered over a crag to gather sea-wee

among the slippery, spume-covered rocks, while her philosophic husband, sately en-

seensed in a sunny cleft above, was quietly

BUT THEY LOVE THEIR WIVES.

rofter must be judged by our standards. No human beings love their wives and homes more loyally than they. All lowly classes following the sea or the lives of fisher-

men regard the man's labor done when his

vessel is anchored in port, or his fishing-buss

is beached at the fishing hamlet shore; so that the fishing crofter and his spouse are contentedly traditionally correct in their

The home of the western Highland and Island fisher-crotter is much inferior to that

of the east-coast fisherman or even of the

northern Highland crofter. Nearly all their

cabins are built on a line with the slope of a brae or hillside, the rear roof-slope forming

an obtuse angle. The walls are never more than six feet high, oftener but five; but they

are frequently four feet thick. They are built of round or rubble stone. Some of the

walls are double, with a layer of earth be-

beam's rest on the middle of the walls, and

are laid at the same angle on three sides, with a lesser angle on the hillside incline.

Some are neatly thatched with straw; but many are covered with bracken or heather. You can never effect an entrance to one of

these structures through the single door

without pushing aside a cow, a sheep, or some manner of "beastle," sheltered in the

capacious doorway or occupying a part o

the hut itself, meagerly partitioned off for a

byre. On entering you are nearly suffocated with smoke. The place is dark. The fire is seldom allowed to go out, and when not blazing brightly in use, smokes and smudges

rom a slight depression in the center of the

floor, precisely as in a Sioux Indian's teepe.

EVERYTHING IS PRIMITIVE.

so called, are built in little stone troughs, and flat slabs of stone surround them. Im-

mediately above the fire, in the center of

the root, is an aperture in which is set a

half-barrel, or other device, to answer the place of a stovepipe or chimney. The

smoke, after leisurely pilgrimages about the cabin, finds its chief exit here. The

roof is black as night from smoke deposits, and here and there on the poles a glistening

oily substance, from the moisture in the thatch and the action of the peat smoke, is

forming into tiny globules ready for drop ping; and whatever they fall upon is indel

bly stained. An iron chain hanging from

the roof supports the huge round iron pot

in which the potatoes, the porridge and the

teapot and bannockpan or griddle stand endless guard beside the fire.

One room usually comprises the interior:

although a bedroom with its roof slanting

down to the very ground, will occasionally be found. The furniture is an odd jumble

f ancient oak and later day things in var-

nish; cloudy delph and radiant chins; older

iron and pewter and cheap tinned utensils; Gaelic wooden "methers" and Brumagem things which shace. There are square bunks

for beds in which a whole family can re-

pose; genuine antiques here and there, such as may often be found in the lowly homes of

Brittany; trundle-beds which are hidden

beneath larger ones by day, and do service anywhere by night; and here and there the

sealaring instinct has caused the rigging of

hammocks from rotten nets, or more ingeni

ous ones still from lines and barrel-staves.

FOOD OF THE CROPTERS.

Some of these fireplaces, if they may be

tween for additional warmth. The roo

djustment of labor and duty.

But neither the Highland nor Island

enjoying his pipe.

looms, and if there be winter her

interest to American readers.

seeding. The dress of the women and me is almost exclusively of home-spun material

the Harris (island) tweeds being famous for warmth and durability. The odor of their garments, from impregnation with peat amoke, is at first very disagreeable to

strangers.

Both men and women are fond of colore materials, especially in handkerchiels, neck-ties and scar's, and, on secasion, some won-

derful combinations result. I have seen a blue gown, a red tartan shawl and a huge white bonnet displayed by a most modest and retiring young woman. But intercommunication with Glasgow, which is the London of these folk, is gradually modifying these peculiarities of dress. Their outnoticeable at the schools where the children indulge in few games, displaying in these far less enthusiasm and skill than with the fisher-children of the east coast.

WHERE CUPID LURKS.

It is difficult to understand where and how "courting" is accomplished. My friend lived nearly five years in Skye, and he asserts that in that time he never saw a or 70,000 people, who practically devote couple walking together for pleasure who were known to be lovers. Two instances landed within the 17 fishing districts of the of their matter-of-fact ways, where affairs of the heart are concerned, came under his personal notice. A young man proposed for the hand of a neighbor's younger daughter. The crofter father decided that the elder should be first married, and the young courtier obediently took her away, apparently perfectly contented. Another young ero ter proposed three times during one winter before securing a bride.

In asking the father's consent the lover is accompanied by a "best man," who sees that a sufficient dowry is given with the bride—a cow, a "sheltic" or one or more sheep, as the standing of the bride's father

One night Mr. Seabrook lay in his office. warrants. The lover's "best man" had been too timid to ask for this, and until one was procured, at the third proposal, with the bravery to ask the bridegroom's traditional dues, the sage crofter father did not feel like trusting his daughter's fortunes where a prespective. prospective son-in-law showed such im-providence regarding his own! There is one prevailing custom among them where labor and pleasure are very winsomely blended, and this may provide all necessary pre-liminaries to crofter mati-ig. homes, this is prosecuted by the men in amall open boats of 18 to 22 feet keel, at much bodily risk and under tortuous severi-

A WINTER NIGHT'S PLEASURE. It is called "waulking the cloth," that is, fulling" the cloth. The expression doubtless has its derivation, as do many other Scottish provincial words and idioms, from the old German. Waukmuller is old German for a fuller; and "wauker" or "waulk-miller" has the same signification in Scotch. "Fulling" or shrinking the fine home-spun woolens is a common occupation of the women during the winter evenings. In this women during the winter evenings. In this operation of "waulking the cloth," a half dozen women, usually grown lassies, sit on each side of a long, wide deal table. The dampened cloth is held firmly between them, and each side in turn strike the them, and each side in turn strike the cloth sharply upon the table. They do this with a very pretty swaying motion, while the leader sings and the remainder give a very hearty chorus.

While this is in progress the young men begin to arrive singly and in groups. Some

one has brought a bagpipe, perhaps another a violin, although the latter is of quite recent introduction. Shrill accompaniments then often inspire the lassies at their labor and singing; but in no other manner will the lads interiers until, the "stint" of "waulking" for the evening being accom-plished, dancing generally follows.

VERY LIVELY WEDDINGS.

At marriages in Skye the whole neighbor od follows the bridal couple in a body to the church. The bride and at least one bridesmaid wear tremendous white veils, if the remainder of their costumes comprise the most barbaric colors, and the wearing of these veils is repeated at church on the Sab-bath morning tollowing the marriage. On returning to their home after the ceremony is performed, the bridal party is greeted along the entire way with a susilade from all manner of rusty fire-arms and by extraordinary hallooing and cheering. "Sweeties" are freely distributed and thrown to the children at intervals.

After a substantial "wedding supper" when health and toasts are enthusiastically drunk, the night is passed in dancing, eating and drinking; and a large number of relatives and particular friends return the returning to their home after the ceremony

relatives and particular friends return the following evening to prolong the festivities.

As the Gipsy is o ten absolutely ruined by his generosity during marriage festivities, so the fisher-crofter pair, from the same generous cause, find themselves entering upon the realities of life sadly distressed The departure of these people for the East coast in June and July is marked by many ludicrous and pathetic scenes. They leave in groups of from a dozen to fifty. The entire neighborhood bids them farewell. The leave-takers will start, one at a time, down a long line comprising their friends who remain, and shake hands with and kiss or embrace every one present with as much intensity of emotion as though they were parting from them forever, instead of for but, at longest, a few weeks. The lives of the East coast fisher folk are far less hard and sunless, EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

WHAT SPOONER WILL DO.

The Senator to Try Law Again if He Doesn't Get Miller's Place.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Senator Spooner has not yet decided what he will do when his present term in the Senate ends, but the probability is that he will practice law in Milwaukee. He is one of the brightest lawyers in the United States, and he was getting \$10,000 a year from one railroa! at the time he was elected to the Senate. He could get a salary twice as big as that of a Supreme Court Justice from another road, but this would necessitate his leaving the State of Wisconsin,

which he does not wish to do.

In the meantime, he is fond of Washington life and he might probably take the Attorney Generalship if it were offered to him, and Judge Miller were elevated to the Supreme Bench. Senator Spooner says the public school law was the cause of the Republican defeat in Wisconsin, and that the mestion of his return to the Senate did not enter into the canvass.

INNOCENT DAN LAMONT.

What He Has to Say About Grover's Candidacy in 1892.

New York Press.1 -I was talking with Colonel Dan Lamont the other day, when the subject of politics and political organization came up, and he said: "In spite of the quite general impression and common newspaper report that Mr. Cleveland's friends are organizing to promote his nomination again in 1892, there | they naturally think themselves just as isn't one of them who is doing anything in that direction. There are no conferences, no consultations, no directions from any source, nothing in the way of preconcerted effort or action

"Mr. Cleveland himself has given no word to any one on this subject, and cer-tainly is not directing this or that thing to be done in his interest. The report is as The food of these people in general use i erroneous as the other story that Mr. Cleve-"loof bread" from Glasgow, which is unland's triends are pushing Governor Hill I am not certain but that in the early days for Senator as part of the organized move- of the republic the lines were not drawn fortunately supplanting the more healthful oatcake and porridge, potatoes, fish and tea. The few oats they raise are not made into ment for Mr. Cleveland.

VIEW OF HYPNOTISM. meal. These are reserved for the cattle, and there are few instances where they are A Very Peculiar Fact Known as the

> Electricity May be the Influence That Bluds Souls Together. THEORY ADVANCED IN A LATE BOOK

> > The strange story of "The Thrill Along

Thrill Along the Wire.

MAY FURNISH AN EXPLANATION.

the Wire," told in the New York Sun a short time ago of the weird, mexplicable influence apparently passing from one operator to another over a telegraph wire, has awakened profound interest all over the country. In that story Mr. W. B. Seabrook, a telegraph operator of Charleston, S. C., gave a "plain, unvarnished statement of certain facts growing out of a long experience as a practical operator, which appeared remarkable and almost inexpli-

cable." He told how he experienced a peculiar and unaccountable delight when receiving telegrams over the wire from some persons, while when others, although equally good or even better operators, came to the wire his feelings underwent a sudden transition from pleasure and exhibitation to duliness, and the work of telegraphing became irk-some and tiring. One particular instance may serve to illustrate the precise nature of

One night Mr. Seabrook lay in his office very ill with fever. Hearing his "call," he arose and staggered to the instrument to respond. He was so sick and weak that the exertion almost caused him to faint. Immediately the operator at the other end of the wire placed his fingers on the key and commenced sending a message. Mr. Sea-brook felt a wonderful change come over him. The aching head was soothed, the throbbing pulse quieted, and a sense of ex-ceeding restfulness took possession of him. But when the message was finished and the electric currents ceased to pulsate over the wire, the sense of relief disappeared and an

attemp to send a telegram caused distress. The operator whose sending had apparently occasioned this remarkable change in Mr. Seabrook's physical and mental condidition was by no means an expert teleg-rapher. In fact, his manipulation of the key was exceedingly poor, and every other operator on the circuit heartily disliked to work with him. A correspondence developed the fact that the experience was mutual. The operator at the distant station said it "made him tingle all over" to receive from Mr. Scabrook. Almost everyone else, he frankly and ruefully remarked, invariably cursed him for his poor work, and he had a hard time to get along.

NO DOUBT ABOUT THE FACT. This was only a single instance. Mr. Seabrook had noticed that he experienced the same pleasure and stimulus while receiving from other operators, but only with a comparatively small number among the hundreds with whom he worked. A strange point about the matter was that the pleasurable sensations were only experienced while receiving, never while sending. As to the nature and cause of this mysterious influence he had no explanation to offer.

He simply stated the facts. This singular story has been widely circulated, and to telegraphers the story was but a presentation of facts well known to them, and many operators have amply corrob ted the statements as to the actuality of the

But one or two explanations of the phenomena have been suggested, and those un-satisfactory ones. May not these strange manifestations be but a phase of that mysterious force known in one form or another for ages and now generally spoken of as hypnotism? And may not the phenomena of hypnotism be but a minor phase of the even more mysterious something we call electricity? It is not only possible but very probable that an explanation of the "thrill along the wire." along the wire" may be found here. The most recent experiments and discoveries in regard to hypnotism indicate a very clo connection between that strange force and

some electrical phenomena, A REMARKABLE EXPLANATION.

A remarkable book recently published, "A Romance of Two Worlds," which has attracted very great attention among all classes of people, presents a theory that seems to have considerable bearing on the subject under consideration. The work is of a religio-philosophical nature, and the writer, a woman, by the way, thinks she has found a solution to the great problem of life that will allay the unrest of the age and prove a panacea for all that is evil in the world. She ands that the universe is a great electric ring, of which the Supreme Spirit is the center, while every spirit is provided with a certain amount of elec-

tricity. Internally this is the germ of the soul, or spirit, says the writer, and it is placed there to be cultivated or neglected as suits the will of man. \* \* Each one of us walks the earth encompassed by an invisible electric ring, wide or narrow according to our capabilities. Sometimes car rings meet and form one, as in the case of two absolutely sympathetic souls. \* \* Sometimes they clash and storm ensues, as when a strong antipathy between persons causes them almost to loath each other's presence. No soul on earth is complete alone. It is like half a flame that seeks the other half, and is dissatisfied and restless till it attains its object.

Although this theory has a very fanciful element in it, it yet would seem to contain a certain proportion of scientific truth. The seeming extravagance may be simply in the use of a new term, and in those days of strange discoveries no new theory can be thrust aside lightly. Undoubtedly there is such a thing as affinity of spirit. We sometimes see two persons who are attracted to each other simply and naturally as is the magnet to the pole, whose souls are in com-plete harmony, and whose different characteristics units to form one perfect whole as the colors of the spectrum units to form the perfect light of day. If this affin-ity is electrical, then surely there could be no better medium for its transmission from one person to another than the electric telegraph wire.

CASTE IN WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Clarkson Found it So Embarrassing That Release Was Pleasure. Social recognition in Washington in official circles is graded according to the position you hold in the department you are serving. The wives of men who are holding

subordinate positions rebel at the system, as

good as the wife of a member of the Cabi-I happen to know, says Assistant Secretary Willetts, of Jere Rusk's department, that the wite of General Clarkson chafed a great deal over this social distinction, and that she was glad when her husband re-signed his place in the Postoffice Depart-ment. Official distinctions in society have, however, always existed in Washington, and

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